

astonishment, admiration, delight. The admiration seemed to predominate, and she was sure they must all four be gazing straight at her beautiful bread. She tried to turn about and take her place at the table carelessly; she never was sure about that, either.

"This—this is a great surprise, little girl!" father found voice to say. His face was shining with pleasure.

"I say, you didn't do it all, did you, Barb?" blurted Kech, unbelievably. "Not all the fixings."

"I got supper, if you meant that," with dignity. Then dignity took wings suddenly. Barbara began to laugh in a little tremulous crescendo, while becoming red spots blossomed in her cheeks. "I did it! I did it!" she cried, triumphantly. "You all thought I couldn't cook! Look at that bread, taste of that sauce, try that cake! You're not going to starve any more, poor dears! Mother won't come home and find four skeletons!"

"No, sir!" Rich shouted. "I'm getting fat already! Just the sight of that bread—Barb, it's a picture!"

"Isn't it!" she agreed, proudly. "I had such splendid luck with it; it's even lovelier in a whole loaf. Would—would any of you like to see a whole loaf of it?" She was on her feet, ready to bring it, blushing adorably.

Yes, yes, they wanted to see the whole loaf to a man! When it appeared they passed it round, admiring its brownness and puffiness and dimples. It must be left on the table, they insisted, so they could be sure there was more to come after the slices were eaten.

It was a merry meal. The "things that matched" disappeared as if by magic, and father had to stand guard over the loaf to prevent that, too, from vanishing. Since mother went away there had been no such meal as that.

It was the beginning of good things. There were failures, of course, and discouragements to the young housekeeper, but steadily and surely the failures lessened and the successes grew to be the expected order of things. Barbara had put on enthusiasm and interest; the old indifference had been dropped at the oven-door when she took out the first beautiful loaves that day, and she never stooped to pick it up again. Those loaves they really were she never knew, and Aunt Ellen never remembered. There were other beautiful loaves, honest descendants of the first pair, whose identity was without question. It came gradually to be the natural thing for Barbara's cookings to "match." She must live up to her bread.

Aunt Ellen came driving home one day, looking worn but radiant. Mary and the baby had both come safely through their terrible peril, and the world looked bright to Aunt Ellen. She waved wildly to the girl, who came running to meet her.

"Barbara, dear child," she cried joyously.

"Aunt Ellen, you dear! You're coming right to my house for supper, and Cousin Dana, too!" Barbara said, with authority. "No, you're not going to unlock the house, Aunt Ellen!"

"But, child, you weren't expecting—" "I'm 'expecting' now," Barbara laughed. "There's plenty to eat—such as it is," she added modestly, but she was not afraid. She ran ahead to put on extra plates.

It was Aunt Ellen's turn to be astonished—at the dainty table and the well-cooked food on it. There was no longer any hint of the old carelessness.

"Why, has Corinna—I didn't know Corinna'd come home!" she ejaculated. "Nobody wrote me—"

"She hasn't," father smiled, for he understood,—"but we're going to have her next week."

Aunt Ellen's bewildered gaze took in again the surprises of the table. Then she became aware that two miracles had been performed while Mary and the baby crept back to life—here was the other one.

"Yes," Barbara said, a little shy under Aunt Ellen's gaze, "she's coming home next week. Everybody's getting well, aunty." Then, with an impetuous swirl of skirts, she was round the other side of the table, beside the bewildered one, her arms round the lean neck, her lips to Aunt Ellen's ear. It was the merest whisper, but Aunt Ellen heard:

"I'm getting well, too!"—Youth's Companion.

TO THE WIND.

By John Vance Cheney in the Atlantic

I

Wind, breathe thine art
Upon my heart;
Blow the wild sweet in!
Let my song begin.

Bring measures grave;
The hill pines wave;
Blow with thee along
All the valley song.

Hymn of the night,
Hymn of the light,
Rhythm of land and sea,
Breathe to the heart of me.

Swift wind of God,
Quickening the clod,
Give of the heavens strong
My heart a song!

II

Wind in the September bough,
Rocking the empty nest,
Never before so sweet as now
Your melody of rest.

Is it because so close they be,
The loss, the bitter smart,—
The sighing in the naked tree,
The crying in the heart?

CHEERFULNESS AT TABLE.

An old lady who looked as though she might have belonged to the "Sunshine Society" all her life, was asked by a friend for the secret of her never-failing cheerfulness. Her answer contains a suggestive lesson for parents. "I think," said the clever old lady, "it is because we were taught in our family to be cheerful at table. My father was a lawyer with a large criminal practice; his mind was harassed with difficult problems all the day long; yet he always came to the table with a smile and a pleasant greeting for everyone, and exerted himself to make the table hour delightful. All his powers to charm were freely given to entertain his family. Three times a day we felt this genial influence, and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when meal time came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day, under all circumstances, had its effect on even the most sullen temper.

Much is said and written these days about "table manners." Children (in well-bred families) are drilled in a knowledge of "good form" as to the use of the fork and napkin; proper methods of eating the various courses are descanted upon, but training in the most important grace or habit a child should have, that of cheerfulness at table, is too often neglected.

The Orientals had no family ties of affection until they began to eat at a common table. Let the gathering at meal time be made the most happy hour of the day, and the influence on the children may be beyond estimation. —"Table Talk."

PAINLESS TEETHING.

There is no period in baby's life that mothers dread more than teething time. The little gums are tender and inflamed; the child suffers and is sleepless and cross, and the mother is usually worn out caring for the child. The use of Baby's Own Tablets allays the inflammation, softens the tender, swollen gums, and brings the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. N. Sauve, St. Rose de Lima, Que., says: "When my baby was cutting his teeth he was feverish, cross and did not take nourishment. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets he cut six teeth without the least trouble. I have never used any medicine for children I prize so highly as the Tablets." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COUNTERFEIT PRIDE.

Pride has its purposes in life, as well as humility. Pride in honorable achievement, or in maintaining one's good reputation is ever to be commended. But pride that is vanity, pride that is egotism, is counterfeit pride.

The son who is ashamed to walk down the street with his illiterate father or his shabbily dressed mother and meet the friends he has made on a higher stratum of social life, possesses a pride which cannot be too strongly denounced. It were far better that a mill-stone were hanged around his neck and he were drowned in the bottom of the sea.

John Marshall was forty-five years the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, formerly having been a general in the army, a member of Congress, senator, envoy to France, and our greatest constitutional lawyer. A young fellow was lamenting his inability to find some one to carry a turkey to his house for him in Judge Marshall's presence. The chief judge turned to him and said that he was going by his house and would gladly carry it for him. The young man, not knowing Mr. Marshall, accepted the offer and walked home beside him, as he carried the fowl. At the door he offered him remuneration. This having been refused, the young man inquired as to the identity of "that obliging old man." When he learned that it was Chief Justice Marshall, he was of course overwhelmed.

Chief Justice Marshall lent the homely service of carrying home a turkey a noble dignity. If it did not detract from that great man, can there be any question of its detracting from your or my dignity?—Leaves of Light.

WAITING FOR A NAME.

A lady in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsy. While waiting for the article she sought to be found she observed a woolly head which appeared from under the edge of the bed, and asked:—"Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsy?"

"Deed an' 'tis, honey," was the reply.

"What is its name?"

"Dat chile ain't got no name yet, Miss Rosa," Aunt Betsy said.

"Why, it must be five or six years old; surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsy nodded.

"Dat done worried me a whole lot, honey, hit sho' has," she said; "but what Ah gwine do? My ole man, he done used up all de good names on de dawgs, an' now dat chile dese hatter wait till one of dem die, so he git his name."—"Christian Work and Evangelist."

"The best thing in the world is a healthy, cheerful, optimistic mind, and the ability to make the best of what is within our reach."